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engines of the law had been offered an immense reward for the seizure of Fineen, and it was evident from the pertinacity with which they contested the field that they expected speedy re-inforcement. And in this respect their hopes were realized; for three well-armed riders soon joined them from a different quarter."

"And how did the scuffle terminate?"

"Fatally, alas! for poor Fineen Dhu. He was shot through the head; but he did not die unavenged; for two of his assailants were killed on the spot, and one was dangerously wounded. The body was conveyed to the castle, where the revellings were changed into deep and solemn mourning. A report arose, that the creditors would watch the funeral with a military force to seize upon the body. There were several armed men at the funeral in consequence of this report, but no such attempt was made."

"And what became of the pseudo St. Valentine?"

"No one ever knew—*Abiit—evasit—erupit*."

"Did young Florence inherit the misfortunes of his sire?"

"Indeed he did; the poor fellow had no other inheritance. He was illegitimate in the eye of the law; for his mother, who was a Protestant, had only been united to his father by a Catholic priest; and although his parents, of course, incurred no moral guilt, yet their improvidence in this respect seemed to threaten him with the loss of his inheritance. He marshalled his troops, and announced his intention of retaining his possessions, if necessary, by the strong arm; in which project he received strong profers of assistance from one or two neighbouring gentlemen. In the mean time his property was claimed by a family named Davidson, the nearest of *legitimate* kin to his father, as the law interpreted legitimacy. They were English, and their zeal for the ejection of Florence from his hereditary home, was heightened by a very strong political prejudice. Florence, although thus surrounded with difficulty, was not wholly without hope, for he was not destitute of interest. While in Dublin, he had formed a friendship with Foster, the Speaker of the House of Commons, who, although his mind was tinctured with what would now be called high Tory principles, had a truly benevolent heart, and was a staunch friend to Irish independence. A better Irishman than Foster seldom has lived. To Foster, then, poor Florence wrote, detailing the attack threatened by the Davidson's upon his patrimony; and also stating the munificent offer of a mercantile relative to pay off the incumbrances entailed upon the property by Fineen Dhu's extravagance, provided that it could be secured in the possession of his son. Foster could devise no mode of effectually baffling the Davidsons, except by procuring a special act of parliament to legitimize Florence O'Driscoll. But the Davidsons were wealthy, and had friends in the House, so that it did not seem positively certain that the Speaker's interest could effect the legitimization. In the mean time, he bade his young friend be of good cheer, and told him he had other views for his advancement, which would possibly make amends for the loss of his paternal inheritance, supposing such a thing unavoidable. Florence had been trained up a Protestant by his Dublin relatives, who professed that persuasion, and he, of course, was eligible to the House of Commons. Foster's plan for his advancement was a very brilliant one: for it contemplated a seat in the House, and a lucrative post in the Customs. Well do I remember the morning that young Florence quitted, for the last time, his paternal abode! Each object in the well-known scene, each angle and feature of the ancient castle, assumed a marked and painful prominence, as if forcing itself on the notice of one who was destined no more to behold it! There were three shields over the door, surmounted with a label moulding—you may see them in my sketch—the central one bore the arms of O'Driscoll, and the two others presented the bearings of O'Sullivan and O'Neill. Poor Florence, who had been educated in high notions of his ancient descent, turned round to behold these insignia of his far-descended house; the thought which they suggested was bitter; a tear glistened in his eye; he brushed it away, but spoke not. I accompanied him to Dublin; and although so many years have since

passed away, I cannot refrain from expressing the unfading gratitude I feel for Mr. Foster's kindness to myself. He repeatedly asked me to his hospitable mansion in Molesworth-street, where I often was present at the political meetings held there by the friends of Ireland. I remember that the night of our arrival, Mr. Foster greeted Florence in these words:

"I shall get you into Parliament, my good friend, and keep you there as long as it lasts; but *how long* our rulers may leave you a Parliament to stay in, is quite another affair. However, we will keep it as long as we can, and trust to Providence for the rest."

"The political meetings at the Speaker's house were usually held in a wainscotted back parlour, hung round with portraits of the Foster family. There was a small half-length of Lady Massarene, and a splendid full length likeness of the Speaker himself, in his parliamentary robes. I am minute in these trifling details, because the scenes, the events of that period, both public and private, are indelibly impressed upon my memory."

"Meanwhile, the Davidsons pushed their legal claims, and succeeded in defeating Florence, as Mr. Foster's interest failed in procuring the act of legitimization in sufficient time to secure to him the possession of his patrimony. Mr. Davidson who was a hot-headed, prejudiced, and, withal, an eccentric man, commenced operations by throwing down Garryowl Castle, and demolishing every vestige of the edifice, in the sage hope that he might thereby obliterate all traces of the former family. Davidson's purpose was, I understand, to erect a modern mansion with the materials of the castle, but he soon relinquished this design, not relishing the necessity to which a neighbouring gentleman assured him he would be subjected, of always moving about with an armed escort to protect himself from the vengeance of the natives. The care of the property was then committed to some fear-nought bailiff, to whom bloody encounters and hair-breadth 'scapes were as familiar and indifferent as possible."

"Florence's fortunes were not destined to survive those of his country. He remained in parliament, to use the words of Mr. Foster, while parliament remained. I drove with him and Mr. Foster to the House in the Speaker's carriage, on the night the Union passed the House of Commons."

While the priest spoke, I hung intensely on his words, just as if the important decision he recorded were yet pending. He perceived and understood my feelings."

"I proceeded to the gallery, and beheld the closing scene. When the division was announced, Mr. Ball, the member for Drogheda, rose, and casting his eyes upwards with an expression of agonised despair, quitted the house, followed by all the members who did not wish to be witnesses of the scene which was now to follow. The Speaker rose, and seemed about to put the question; but his fortitude failed him for a moment, and he sank back into his chair, his countenance strongly indicative of his mental torture. After a momentary silence he rose again, and, in low and faltering accents, put the question, 'That this bill do pass.' A faint, tremulous 'Aye' was returned from the benches. He then, in the established parliamentary form, called for the 'Noes.' But, alas! the 'Noes,' conscious of their fatal minority, had quitted the house, that they might not be witnesses of their own extinction. How the Speaker supported the scene, I cannot conceive. His voice was almost inaudible in pronouncing the words of doom, 'The ayes have it.' He rushed from his seat, rejoined Florence O'Driscoll in the lobby, and hurried home in silence to Molesworth-street. Florence lost his post in the customs; and quitting Ireland in disgust, entered the Austrian service, and fell in some continental skirmish."

#### ON DISEASES OF THE LUNGS.

The following interesting observations on a subject in which many individuals are deeply concerned, are taken from a Lecture on Clinical Instruction, by Philip Cramp-ton, Surgeon General to the Forces in Ireland:—

"Let me illustrate the nature and uses of clinical observation by an example.—There are two cases in hospital,

of severe diseases of the lungs; in each there is cough, with great expectoration of a greenish purulent-like matter, to the extent of more than a pint in twenty-four hours; in each there is great difficulty in breathing, which is increased by the slightest voluntary motion; in each there is great emaciation, accompanied by hectic fever, that is to say, a daily feverish paroxysm, commencing with a chill, and terminating in a profuse perspiration. Even to a practised observer, these would appear perfectly similar, and would be set down as instances of true pulmonary consumption in a very advanced state. The diseases are, nevertheless, totally distinct in their nature, their seat, and in their probable termination. But how is the student, however well versed he may be in all that has been written or said on the diseases of the chest, to discriminate between affections so similar in their symptoms, that Laennec, the most practised and skilful observer of diseases of the chest that ever lived, has pronounced that, between the diseases to which I allude, so perfect a similarity exists in all the general symptoms, that the discrimination can be made only by the most careful examination of the chest, by means of what he terms 'mediate auscultation,' (that is, by the ear, assisted by the stethoscope.) How, then, you will inquire, is the student, by his unaided efforts, (however powerful those may be,) to obtain that knowledge which cannot be obtained from books or lectures, and yet without which he must feel conscious that he is not qualified to practise his profession for a week? Simply by accompanying the experienced physician to the bedside of the patient, and carefully observing the manner in which he conducts his investigation, and hearing from him on the spot, the reasons on which he grounds his conclusions as to the nature and probable issue of the disease.

"The physician having first pointed out the general symptoms in which the diseases which he compares resemble each other, proceeds to demonstrate the points in which they disagree; he taps the chest from top to bottom, before and behind, and directs the attention of the pupil to the different sounds which are elicited from its different parts; he explains the causes of those differences; he next applies the stethoscope, and when he discovers a sound which characterises a particular kind of organic lesion, he desires each pupil in succession to apply his ear to the instrument, and satisfy himself that the sound is such as has been described. He then assigns the reason for such a sound being invariably the sign of such or such a change in the structure of the lungs. Having completed his investigation, and having arrived, step by step, at his conclusion, the pupil is not surprised to hear it announced, that in the one case there is extensive disorganization of the lungs, accompanied with a large abscess, which furnishes the purulent expectoration, and that the disease is necessarily mortal; and that in the other there is no disorganization, but that the membrane which lines the air-cells is in a state of chronic inflammation, in consequence of which, it pours out (but without a breach of surface) the prodigious quantity of purulent matter which had constituted so fearful a feature in the case. This case, then, so far from being like the other, necessarily mortal, is, in a great majority of instances, easily curable—but curable by means which, in general, are found to aggravate every symptom of the true pulmonary consumption.

"Following up these cases to their termination, observing the changes which they undergo, from day to day, or rather, having those changes pointed out to them, the student finds the prediction (or prognosis, as it is technically called) of the physician is verified. In a few weeks the patient, suffering from the inflammation and suppuration of the mucous membrane of the lungs, is, by suitable treatment, restored to health, while, within the same period, the patient suffering from abscess of the lungs, (true pulmonary consumption,) dies.

"On examining the body after death, one or more cavities, varying in size, and surrounded by masses of what is termed tuberculous matter, are found in the lungs. The ramifications of the bronchia, or air-tubes, terminate with open mouths in these cavities, and serve as conduits for the matter which is forced up through them by the action of coughing, a small part only of the lungs is pervious to

air, in consequence of the air-cells being filled with the tuberculous matter which has not as yet been softened and discharged; all these, and several other changes in their structure, each having their corresponding physical signs, which are capable of being accurately observed and discriminated during life, are demonstrated and explained in a clinical lecture delivered in the theatre, with the subject or the morbid parts on the table.

"The connection between the physical signs exhibited during life, and the physical changes which appear after death, are now clearly pointed out; and thus the student is not only supplied with a connected history of pulmonary consumption, from its origin to its fatal termination, but he is enabled, by a very little practice, to determine, by an examination of the chest externally, the actual condition of the lungs at every period of the disease."

The following remarks on the former degraded state of surgical science, as well as of the great number of surgical and medical students at the present moment, we copy from the same paper:—

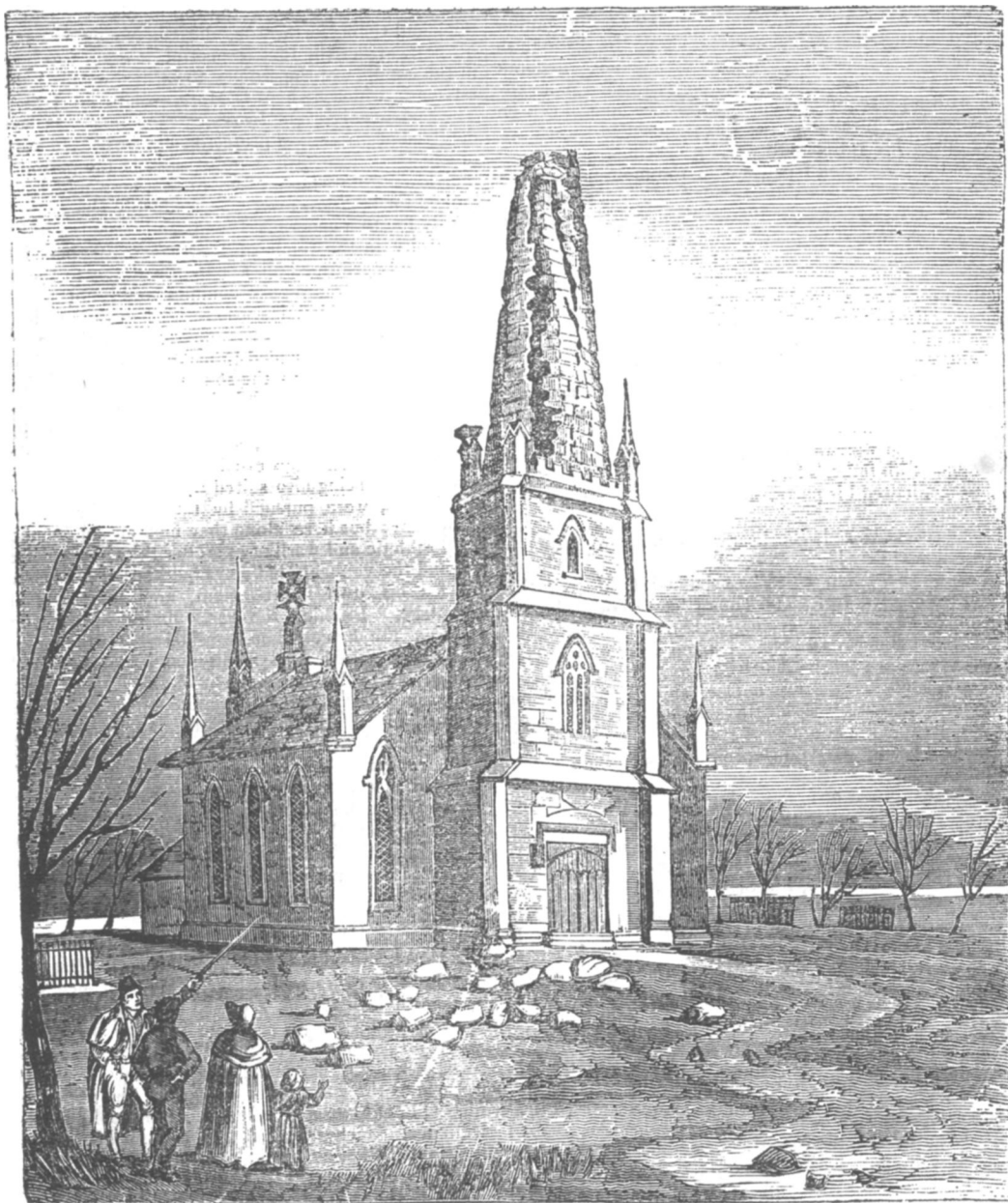
"How surgery sunk into this degraded state, is a subject of curious but not difficult inquiry. It is plainly to be traced to that perverted as well as darkened state of the human intellect, which was the fruit of ten centuries of ignorance and superstition. In the year 1163, the council of Tours, by its 8th canon, prohibited ecclesiastics (who then shared with the Jews the practice of medicine in Europe) from undertaking any bloody operation, at least on a small scale; but as they continued to act as physicians, and what may be termed medical surgeons, they were obliged to employ persons possessing some manual dexterity to act under their directions in every thing that related to the dressing of wounds and the performing of operations. They, not unnaturally, therefore, addressed themselves to the barbers, at that time as numerous, and from their familiar and daily intercourse with persons of all conditions, an intelligent and amusing fraternity. They were men, too, who had by constant use become dexterous in the handling of sharp instruments. That the barbers, who at first acted under the direction of the physicians, should afterwards set up for themselves, is in accordance with the invariable course of human affairs. We accordingly find them, shortly afterwards, forming a worshipful company, under the style and title of the Corporation of Barbers, and in the following reign, of Barbers and Surgeons. Now, it is any thing but surprising, that this original stain on the birth of surgery should have remained even to our days, and that the supremacy of medicine should still have been asserted by the physicians, and acquiesced in by the surgeons, long after the real ground for that supremacy, which was superior knowledge of the surgical art, had ceased to exist. But, to say the truth, it is only since the incorporation of the College of Surgeons that the effects of education on the surgical branch of the profession in this country have become apparent; previously to that period, there was the greatest possible contrast between the practitioner of medicine and surgery.

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"The war terminated just twenty years ago, yet up to the last year the medical school of Dublin had been annually on the increase. I can account for this in no other way, than by referring it to a general principle which seems to possess a considerable influence over the actions of mankind; when, from any cause, a prejudice in favour of any particular course of conduct or of opinion takes possession of the public mind, a considerable time must elapse before it can be made to move in a different direction; the demonstration that the opinion is erroneous, or that the course of conduct leads to no useful result, produces exceedingly little effect, and nothing but experience, dear-bought personal experience, will bring the mind to give a reluctant assent to the suggestions of reason. There are, undoubtedly, many circumstances connected with the state of this country, both financial, social, and political, which determine many young persons to adopt the medical profession; but I believe the difficulty (amounting in many instances to an impossibility) of obtaining admission into either of the other learned professions may be considered as the chief cause; then, again, in the present re-

duced state of our military establishments, the army and navy are out of the question; farming requires capital, and is, at best, a precarious means of support; retrenchment in the public expenditure has cut down patronage; so that those who *will* be gentlemen and men of learning, with but little rational pretensions to be either, and at the smallest possible cost, think that they have nothing for it but to apply themselves to the study of medicine. They see around them those only who are buoyant with success

—of the thousands who have sunk they know nothing; without, therefore, sufficiently considering the cause of that success, or without, perhaps, having very accurately weighed their own powers against the difficulties of the enterprise, 'accoutred as they are,' they plunge in headlong, and it is not difficult to anticipate the consequences. But this is a painful subject, and I turn from it with pleasure, to one which is more closely connected at least with your immediate interests."



CHURCH OF BLACKROCK, COUNTY OF CORK.

Cork, Jan. 21. 1836.

Sir—The accompanying is a sketch of the Church of Blackrock, near this city, hitherto so much admired for the symmetry of its spire, but now rendered dreadful to look at, and most dangerous to approach. The weather, which was exceedingly bad for some days past, appeared to approach its height on Friday, the 29th ult. when, towards four o'clock in the afternoon, the sky became suddenly dark, and there fell frequent showers of hail, accompanied with very near thunder, and some vivid flashes of lightning. One of them, which was particularly bright,

and cast a terrific glare for many perches around the spectators, struck the top stone of the spire of the church, hurling it sixty or eighty yards from the building, and then proceeded downwards, rending the entire, in the manner described in the sketch, until it came to the bottom; whence, after breaking two of the corner ornaments, it directed its course to the top window in the steeple, which it entirely destroyed, then to the window underneath, which it considerably injured, and ended its destructive course by taking a stone out of the wall, close by the upper corner of the door, without in any way injuring the

surrounding parts. Many stones fell or were cast on the roof, which is seriously damaged in many places; and the glass throughout the building is entirely shattered. The noise which accompanied this destruction would not be equalled by the discharge of many pieces of heavy ordnance.

J. M.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

EMAN OGE.

A TRANSLATION FROM AN ORIGINAL IRISH MANUSCRIPT.

Edmond O'Foelin, hereditary chieftain of the Decii, better known to his friends and followers by the familiar appellation of Eman Oge,\* a title adopted to distinguish him from an ancient kinsman of the same name, was about eighteen years of age when his father was killed in a skirmish with a party of marauders, who, coming down on his possessions in the night, as was frequent in those days, drove away his cattle, and were proceeding with them towards their forts and fastnesses in the mountains, when the chieftain of the valley, at the head of a numerous body of armed retainers, pursued and overtook them. The plunderers, strong in numbers and in arms, on perceiving their pursuers, boldly faced about and gave them battle. During the rencontre, which was fierce and bloody, the chieftain received a deadly wound, and almost instantly expired. Eman Oge, seeing his father fall, withdrew the remnant of his troops; and, bearing the lifeless body from the field, was proceeding in a homeward direction, when a neighbouring chieftain, with whom he had been a long time at variance, hastily gathering a few trusty followers, opposed his further progress.

The youthful warrior beholding an enemy thus taking advantage of his father's fall, and endeavouring to obstruct his passage, halted his party, and, advancing to the front, called out—

"Forbear, O'More!—Forbear your unmanly triumph over a fallen enemy!"

"Son of the fallen chief," exclaimed O'More, "thy caution is uncalled for. The enemy of O'Foelin boasts no triumph. His is the feeling of regret that O'Foelin should have fallen so ignobly. I loved him once—heaven is my witness; but he deceived me, and"—

"Hold!" vociferated Eman Oge, anger now checking the tide of sorrow—"Hold thy slanderous tongue, nor dare traduce the honoured dead; or know, dastard chieftain, that in Eman Oge you shall find a foe as unflinching as his father!"

"Forbear, thou hot-brained boy," replied O'More, "nor rashly entail upon thyself the enmity of one who feels for your misfortune, and is more disposed to pity than to hate you—give me your hand. Although an enemy to your father's house, I yet can honour the spirit that flashes in your eye, and would resent the supposed indignity offered to a departed parent; but trust me, youth, I meant him no offence. Living, he was my enemy, but now, both he and the cause of our contention are no more, and here the strife is ended—nay, give me your hand."

There was something irresistibly commanding in the manner of the grey-haired chief, which the young man (overpowered as he was at the moment, and stricken to the heart with sorrow) was unable to oppose. Had he, indeed, assumed a hostile deportment, or offered the expected contumely, the spirit of the youth would have risen against it, and borne him up; but, as it was, the feelings of resentment first awakened by the sudden appearance of an enemy under such afflicting circumstances, were subdued and died away. Edmond yielded; and though half reluctantly, and scarcely sensible of what he did, received the offered grasp. The lordly chieftain then turning to the mourning group, (who stood in mute wonder at the extraordinary termination of an encounter that, at the commencement, threatened consequences of a far different nature,) bade them proceed; and when the respected burden which they carried should have received the last sad earthly rites, himself would join their youthful leader in seeking vengeance on the lawless hords who

had dared to shed a prince's blood. Most strictly did O'More perform this engagement.

Uniting his forces with those of the O'Foelin, he entered the mountains—pushed forward through their pathless wilds—overtook the enemy ere they had gained their hold—recovered the booty—and, as far as bloodshed could compensate for blood, meted out to the lately victorious party a vengeance with no measured hand. In this rather curious way commenced a friendship of no ordinary character between those chieftains. From that time O'More behaved in all respects with the warmth of paternal affection towards Eman Oge, the son of his once mortal enemy; and thenceforth, too, did the young O'Foelin, on his part, evince (by that respectful deference so becoming in the conduct of the young towards the aged) the high esteem in which he held O'More, so late his father's foe. The melancholy event by which the young man had been deprived of his natural protector, having proved the means of supplying him with a substitute, in the person of the individual from whom, of all others, he would least have looked for kindness; yet who, suddenly changing from a deadly foe to a generous friend, and seeming to bury all animosity in the tomb of the father, stepped into his place, and performed all a parent's duties to the orphan son. Such extraordinary conduct could not pass unnoticed by those chieftains who resided in the neighbouring country. It was quickly rumoured abroad, that as O'More was childless, he intended to make Edmond his heir, and thus, by being kind to the son, in some way make compensation for the many injuries he had inflicted on the father. The vicinity of their castles afforded opportunity of daily intercourse; and the sports of the field, in which O'More still possessed sufficient vigour to partake with delight, being also suited to the habits and the taste of Edmond, were pursued by them together in mutual enjoyment; but here alone they met on an equality, for in all athletic and warlike exercises the elder chief excelled, and the younger gladly availed himself of such a model for his own improvement, and soon reaped the advantage. Pitching the bar, running at the ring, and wielding the lance—then considered gentlemanly pursuits—he attained with facility, and practised with applause; but in the management of the English cross-bow—a weapon just come into repute—he stood unrivalled. In short, his mental qualifications and personal acquirements, added to an engaging countenance and manly figure, rendered him, at the age of twenty, the most esteemed as well as the most admired character in the district where he lived; and while Eman Oge was the subject of general praise, his immediate tenantry and followers, held him in a kind of adoration; by them he was considered the perfect representative of their ancient kings and heroes—a race which was still remembered with affectionate exultation.

As time passed away, the bands of mutual esteem were more closely drawn between the two friends. The princely mansion of O'More, where feudal magnificence was displayed with lavish hand, received the daily visit of Eman Oge, and loudly was his presence hailed by the numerous guests who partook the hospitality of its sumptuous board, and who, quickly perceiving that no subject was more agreeable to the entertainer's ear, than the praises of the young O'Foelin, discovered in him continually some new excellence, which failed not to call forth their utmost adoration. Whether or not they were sincere, was little heeded by O'More; he smiled at their flattery, while, sensible of the value of such an associate, he enjoyed his company as a source of pure and rational recreation, to which he had been long unaccustomed. Constrained either to shun society, or mix with such as his neighbourhood afforded, he found himself surrounded by persons whose manners and conversation were no way suited to his taste; but when Edmond was added to the party, an agreeable change immediately appeared; his refined ideas, his chaste yet lively converse, checked the broad roar of boisterous mirth and coarse allusion so common in those days, although altogether distasteful to the more polished mind of O'More, while, at the same time, it excited the witty jest and gay rejoinder, and thus rendered company what it ought to be—an innocent relaxation of